THE MISSILE

MAY, 1936

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

566

THE MISSILE P

Vol XXIV | PETERSBURG, VA., MAY, 1936 | No. 4

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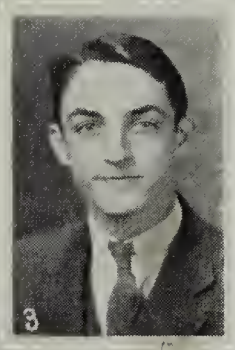
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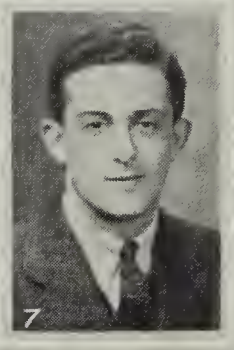
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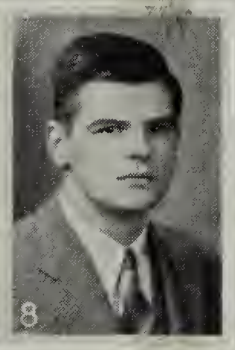
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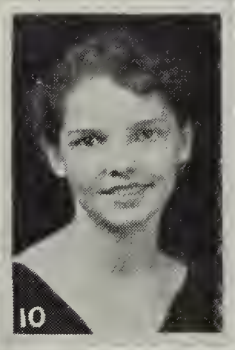
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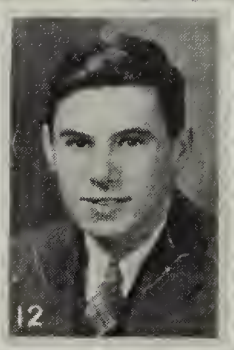
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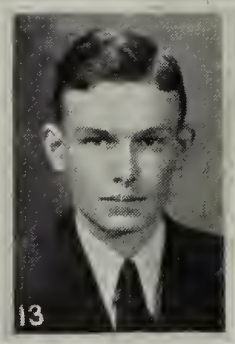
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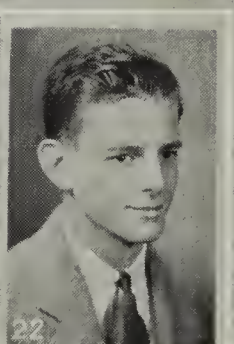
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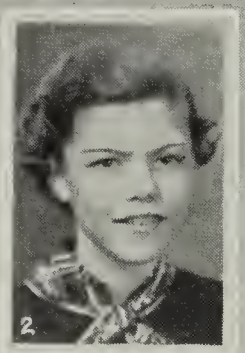

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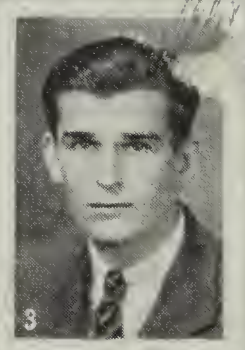

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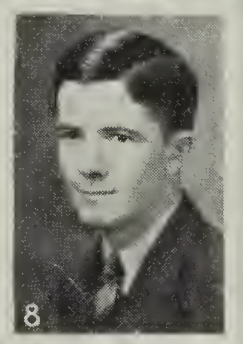
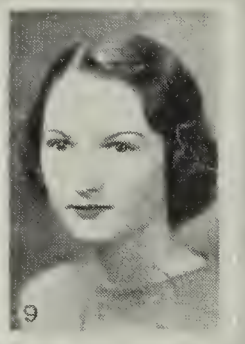

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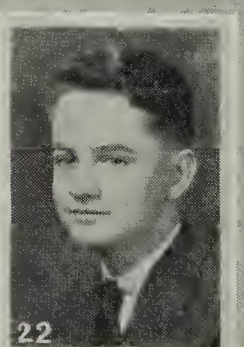

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20. Meta Orebaugh
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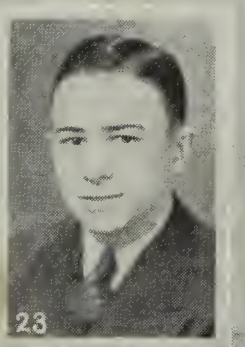
22. Walter Drewry



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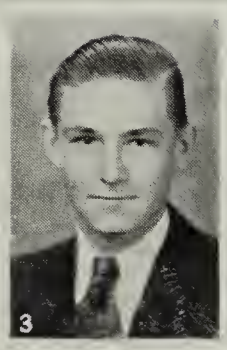

3. Worther Becker, Jr.
4. Katherine Cogle
5. Christine Pulley
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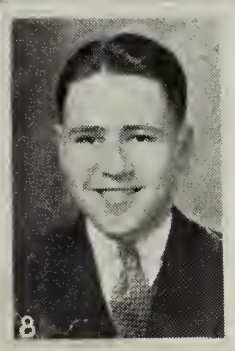
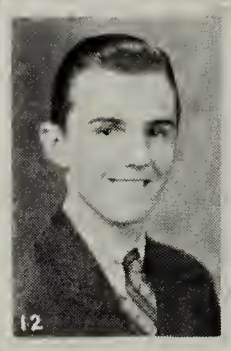
7. James Walton





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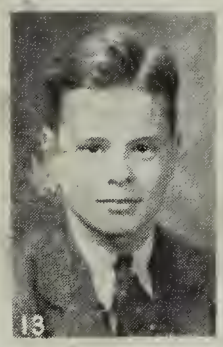
9. Anne Campbell
10. Frances Brantley
11. Doris Eubank
12. Preston Syme



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14. Jane Birdsong
15. Katherine Clarke
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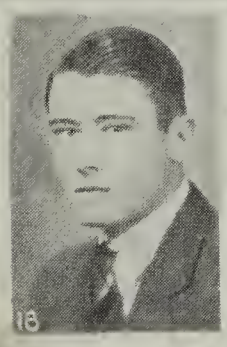

18. Harry Woody
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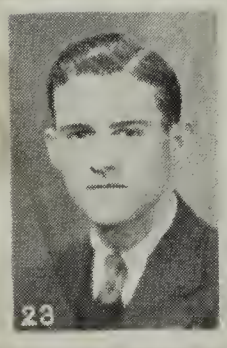
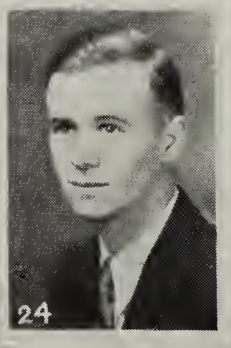
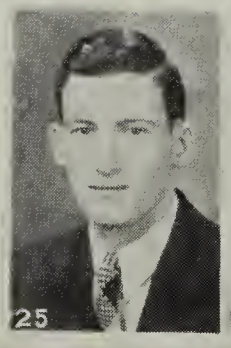
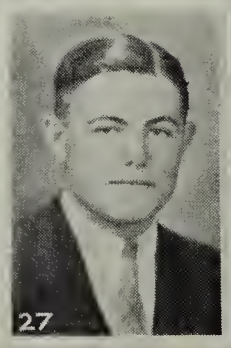
21. Lucille Wilson
22. Hunter Giles



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3. Alfred H. Moss
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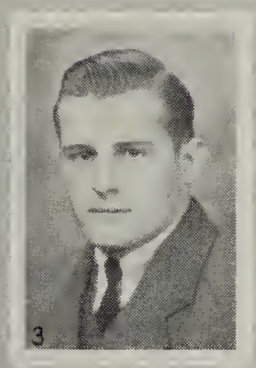

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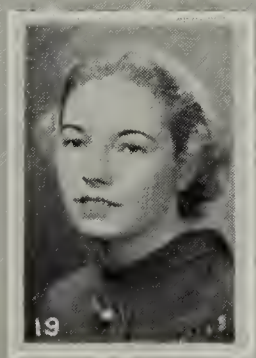
10. Myrtle Skelton
11. Daisy May Park
12. Branch Berry

13. Clifton Perkinson
14. Esther Magee
15. Virginia Kidd
16. Rebecca Williams
17. William Walker

18. Bolling Robertson
19. Lillie Whitlock
20. Mary Whitt
21. Gladys Mann
22. Warren Lockett



23. Thomas Spain
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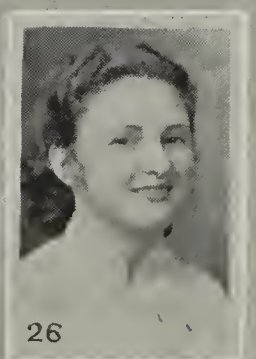
25. Sinclaire Wommack
26. Geraldine Stafford
27. Earl Milburn



Class Poem

By Martha Williamson

A genial book we seldom put aside
Without a sigh of longing to abide
In pleasing comradeship with friends
we've made,
Whose merit through the pages we
have weighed;
And finding in each one a kindred mind,
Regret that now they must be left behind.

And so we see our school days when
they've fled
Each hour a page . . . some pages
yet unread.
How well we know that there are left
undone
A thousand things we've planned to
do, begun,
Deferred again till still another day;
When hope, once more destroyed, will
pass away.

But friendships made in days of halcyon
youth
Of happy, carefree nature are, in sooth,
Foundations of an everlasting chain
That all pursue, but very few attain.
Our books are transient joys we soon
forget,
While classmates through the years
grow dearer yet.

The Missile

Such . . . . .

By Selden Robertson

THE COLD murky waters of the North Sea parted reluctantly as the long, sharp, cigar-shaped, low-lying patrol submarine S-15 plowed steadily forward with a speed of ten and a half knots. She was on the surface running awash; she carried no lights.

Spray broke over her sleek hull. All hatches were dogged, save the one leading from the bridge to the control room. Her powerful Diesel power plants steadily sucked air from the intake directly under the bridge.

Inside the S-15, except for the man on watch, the crew had turned in, close together in their bunks in the battery room, just aft of the torpedo compartment. . . . . there wasn't much room to spare in a war submarine.

The rays shed by a waning moon revealed the grim features of four figures on the little bridge, three officers and one seaman. All were heavily clothed.

But the features of the young commander of the S-15, Lieutenant Seton L. Bruce, were not quite so grim as the others tonight. They appeared somewhat relaxed; and sometimes they lighted up as a sly smile flitted across them. Yes, young Lieutenant Seton L. Bruce was lost in thought.

It seemed strange to him that he should feel the rolling deck of a submarine once more under his feet after all the tortures he had endured because of these undersea craft; . . . if one observed the countenance of Seton L. Bruce intently, he could grasp a silent story written there. But strangest of all was that again he stood on the deck of a submarine headed just off the coast of Helgoland. Helgoland! How well he knew it; he was only an under officer then, serving under the harsh Lieutenant O. K. Thompson, commander of the old S-12. "Old bull headed Thompson" would always have his way; well, he had had it. In spite of all he had boldly torpedoed a large German

freighter convoyed by two trim destroyers, bound for Trondheim, Norway, and only a half day out from Wilhelmshaven.

After the attack the S-12 had gone into a hard dive and doubled back to throw the destroyers off the scent, but the destroyers had matched wits with them. The Germans had first tossed over a few "ashcans," depth bombs; then they had begun to zig-zag back and forth hunting. The submarine had sought escape at one hundred and seventy feet. At such a depth the old S-12 had grown strangely quiet . . . no noise from the crew, only the sound of the whirring blowers, the steady low hum of the electric motors.

To those in the S-12 the "ashcans" had first sounded dull and far off, but the high pitched whine of the propellors of the German destroyers continued. Sometimes far off, sometimes close.

Then a depth charge had come close. The submarine had quivered, and the metal floor plates had rattled. The lights had flickered and gone out, and there was a decided list to star-board, then a dull thud as the submarine settled on the muddy bottom. Another crash. The S-12 had lurched crazily and lain still.

In the inky blackness Seton Bruce had found himself entangled in a knot of arms and legs of the men in the control room struggling to regain their feet.

Then a stream of icy cold water had struck him full in the face, splashed and spattered over the struggling men; and there had been silence broken only by the sound of splashing water.

How well he remembered how he had wormed his way past gauges, levers and valves, how he had stumbled to the periscopes, closed the gate valve and stopped the water, then to the switchboard and fumbled for the lights.

Ah, the scene that greeted his eyes! He'd never forget it. Two members of the crew sprawled in a lifeless heap, Commander Thompson draped over a bent control lever, his skull crushed.

Somewhere, far above, the Germans had kept up a bombardment of depth charges. They evidently had been seeking a submarine under way. A few more dull far off crashes, then silence; the Germans had obviously given them up. And down in the waters just off the coast of Helgoland, the battered S-12, pillowed by thousands of tons of water, had lain quietly in the murky depths.

Seton Bruce's first concern, after he had assumed command, had been for the submarine. How deep were they? Not a soul had spoken. Seton had gone over to the depth guage; the

THE FACULTY

MISSILE STAFF

hand showed two hundred and eighty feet, but it had jammed against the stop. He had taken a pair of pinchers, smashed the glass and wrenched the pin off. The hand had spun around and finally come to rest on the figure thirteen. Seton calculated quickly, . . . three hundred and seventy-eight feet! The S-12 had been designed to withstand a pressure of only two hundred and twenty feet. She had been almost one hundred and sixty feet beyond her tested depth. Then to top it all, the rivets in her hull had started to leak; they couldn't stand up under such a strain; and the air had grown steadily worse. It had become difficult to breathe and still more difficult to think clearly. After a few hours in such a condition, the crew were truly more dead than alive.

Bruce, with as many of the crew as were able, had made several desperate attempts to raise the S-12 from the ooze on the bottom, but their only answer had been a slight tremor; the clutch on the driving motor slipped hopelessly. All this, added to the ever present danger of a torturing death by chlorine gas if the rising water reached the batteries, had made the situation seem quite hopeless.

Yet, in spite of all these dangers and handicaps, he had been able in his weakened condition caused by oil fumes and lack of air, with the help from his torpedoman, to drag a ten pound carborundum grinding wheel to the engine room and there pound it to dust. This he had worked between the discs of the slipping clutch and slammed home the lever. The starboard list had gradually decreased and the dirty water had run in streams from the bilges, the periscopes had come upright. And all the while the motors droned on. The S-12 had quivered, the stern had lifted up and they had torn free!

Yes; and then for more than an hour after their conning tower had broken surface again, after six hours spent on the bottom, the weak choking men had lain flat on their backs in the bright sunshine and breathed into their burning lungs the fresh, pure, God-given air as if they could never get enough.

Then that day when he and his remaining crew of eight in the badly battered and mud-streaked old S-12 had limped into the little harbor at Yarmouth, England; of the original crew of thirty-three men good and true only eight had survived the terrible torture on the bottom.

There had been taps for the dead, fetes and medals for the living. After a leave of two weeks in which to recover from his

past experience Seton Bruce had returned to find himself commander of one of the newest and largest submarines of the Allies, the S-15, on whose deck he now stood.

Yet all of the thoughts of Seton L. Bruce as he stood leaning on the guard rail of the S-15's chariot bridge were not quite so gruesome. There had been his happy but work-crammed last year at the United States Naval Academy, his first cruise, June week at the Academy; and girls. He still remembered that sweet blue-eyed one that one of his roommates had up for the "hops." She was from Virginia. Strange that one should think of girls and "hops" on a war submarine. Then there had been the carefree days that he had lived in Germany as the son of the American Ambassador, the days before he had received his appointment to the Naval Academy, the days in which he enjoyed the almost constant association and companionship of Hans Hugo, a young and ambitious son of a Naval Intelligence officer attache in Berlin. He wondered where Hans was now; he was such a fine square fellow. Hans had wanted to be a marine engineer when he had known him in the old days. But the war probably had changed that; he had seen his name mentioned in some reports several times. It seemed that he too was a submarine man, in command of the U-68, a Kapitanleutnant. Well, he hoped their paths would never cross. War was strange; it sometimes caused brother to rise up against brother, friend against friend; it divided homes. And all for what? To kill and to maim. What did wars settle anyway? Disputes were always settled afterwards by diplmoats. Why not arbitrate first and save the lives of the cream of the nation's manhood? He didn't know, but as long as nations chose war and his country was involved, he would give his all. Well, small chance there was of him meeting Hans Hugo. Submarines seldom met in combat.

Lieutenant Bruce broke away from his deep reverie on the bridge and descended to the control room; there he gave his orders to the chief electrician.

Just before dawn the S-15 slowed down to one-third speed and moved cautiously forward.

"We are about eight miles south of Helgoland just now," announced Bruce. "We are ordered to patrol these waters. At night we'll come in about three miles from the island and watch; in day we'll move out beyond easy visibility so that we'll not be seen running awash from Helgoland."

It was now early dawn, and streak after streak of crimson

flame appeared on the eastern horizon. Just ahead the dim outline of Helgoland could be seen in the early morning mists. The S-15 moved out for her patrol; she ran awash, and only her gray conning tower was visible above the surface.

It was just before sunset when the S-15 was completing her day patrol when the word was brought to Lieutenant Bruce.

"Submarine in vicinity," had been the report. The noise of her motors had been picked up on the S-15's hydrophones.

"We'll dive and listen for her engines," said the S-15's captain. "Take her down to fifty feet, then shut off motors."

There it was. A soft purr of motors came over the hydrophones; it sounded soft and low for a while, then gradually died out.

"Surface," muttered Lieutenant Bruce. "Careful now or she'll find us out. She must be a German if she's in these waters; we're the only Allied sub on this patrol."

Bruce sent the S-15 up to forty feet, steadied her on her course.

Looking through the periscope, Bruce could make out the outline of a submarine ahead. In the dim light she appeared almost like a phantom. A lone figure stood on her chariot bridge. She had evidently come up to charge her batteries after a long undersea run.

Lieutenant Bruce suppressed a thrill as he pressed his eye to the rubber eyepiece of the periscope. The submarine evidentally was too busy with the business of recharging her batteries to suspect the S-15's presence. Yes, she was a German all right; there was the large gray U painted on the side of her conning tower. He couldn't quite make out her number though. It was hard to see in this fading light. He'd check on her later. He housed the periscopes and picked up the voice tube.

"Torpedo room," he called "load bow tubes, set to run at fifteen foot depth, maximum speed at five hundred yards." He put away the voice tube and turned again to the periscopes.

A bell clanged. The chief quartermaster relayed the message from the voice tube.

"Torpedo room ready, sir!"

Bruce peered at the dim outline of the enemy submarine ahead; once more he picked up the voice tube.

"Torpedo room, stand by, upper port tube!"

Lieutenant Bruce stood with eyes glued to the periscope, firing handle clutched in his hand. Slowly the outline of the

unsuspecting German crept across the cross-hairs etched on the periscope lens; it steadied.

"Steady on course, quartermaster."

"Steady, sir," came the crisp answer.

"Fire!" Bruce threw his firing handle.

The bow of the S-15 swayed slightly as the compressed air sped the twenty-foot torpedo with its two hundred pound load of T. N. T. on its mission of destruction.

Bruce counted off the seconds. He watched with bated breath, eyes pressed hard against the eyepiece. A white streak sped swiftly across the dark waves.

A great sheet of fire leaped up. The gray outline he had been watching suddenly vanished from sight; the enemy boat reared up like a demon possessed, and a roar as of distant thunder filled his ears. The S-15 quivered slightly from concussion. The German seemed literally to leap and skip over the waves, then with a magnestic plunge disappeared forever into the cold darkened depths, defiant to the last. The torpedo had fulfilled its deadly mission.

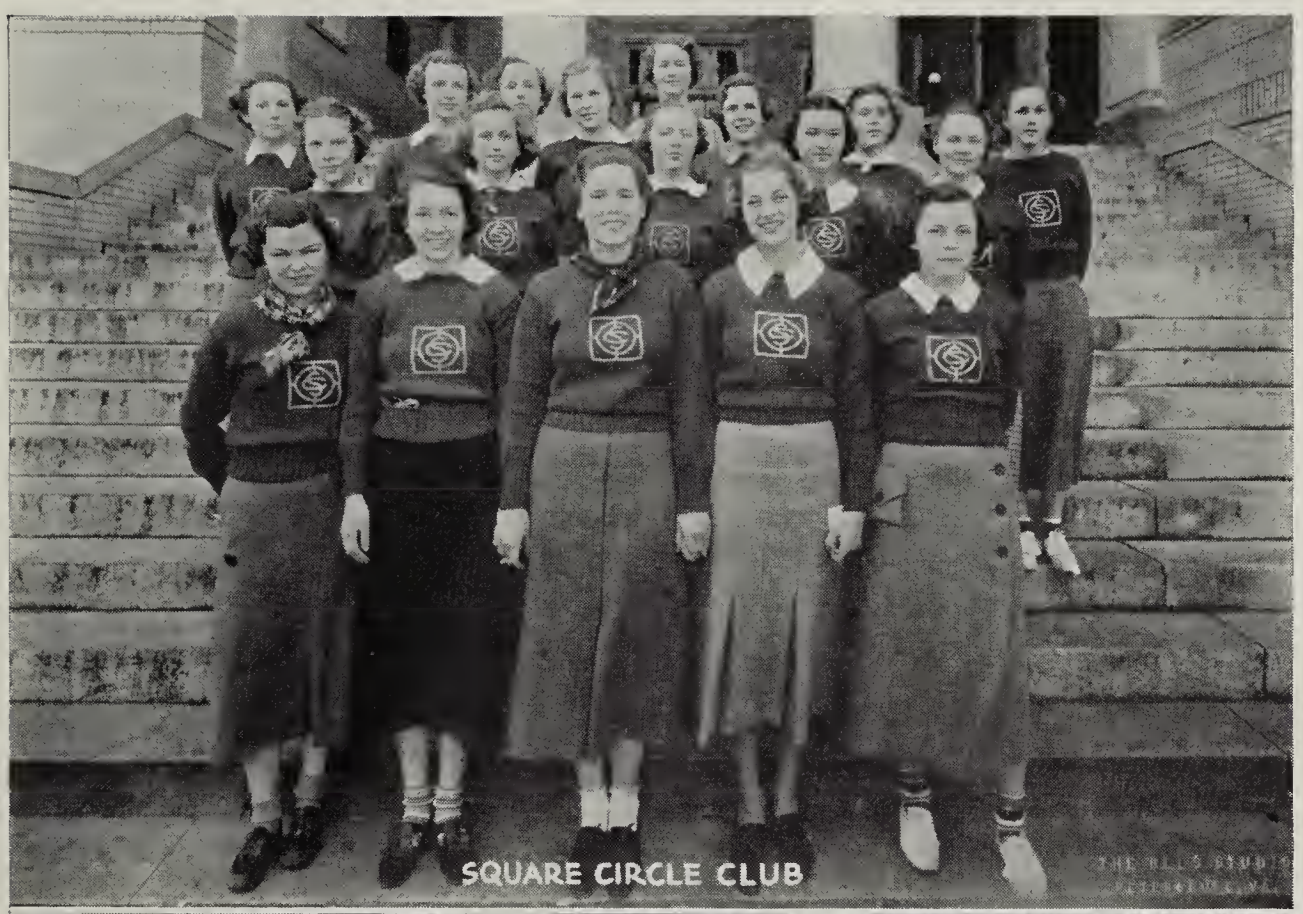
The S-15 broke surface gently. "We'll cruise slowly over the spot and pick up survivors, if any," announced her captain.

The submarine slid slowly forward. The members of her crew crowded her small bridge and silently surveyed the oily waters.

"No survivors, get below," ordered her commander. "Prepare to resume patrol."

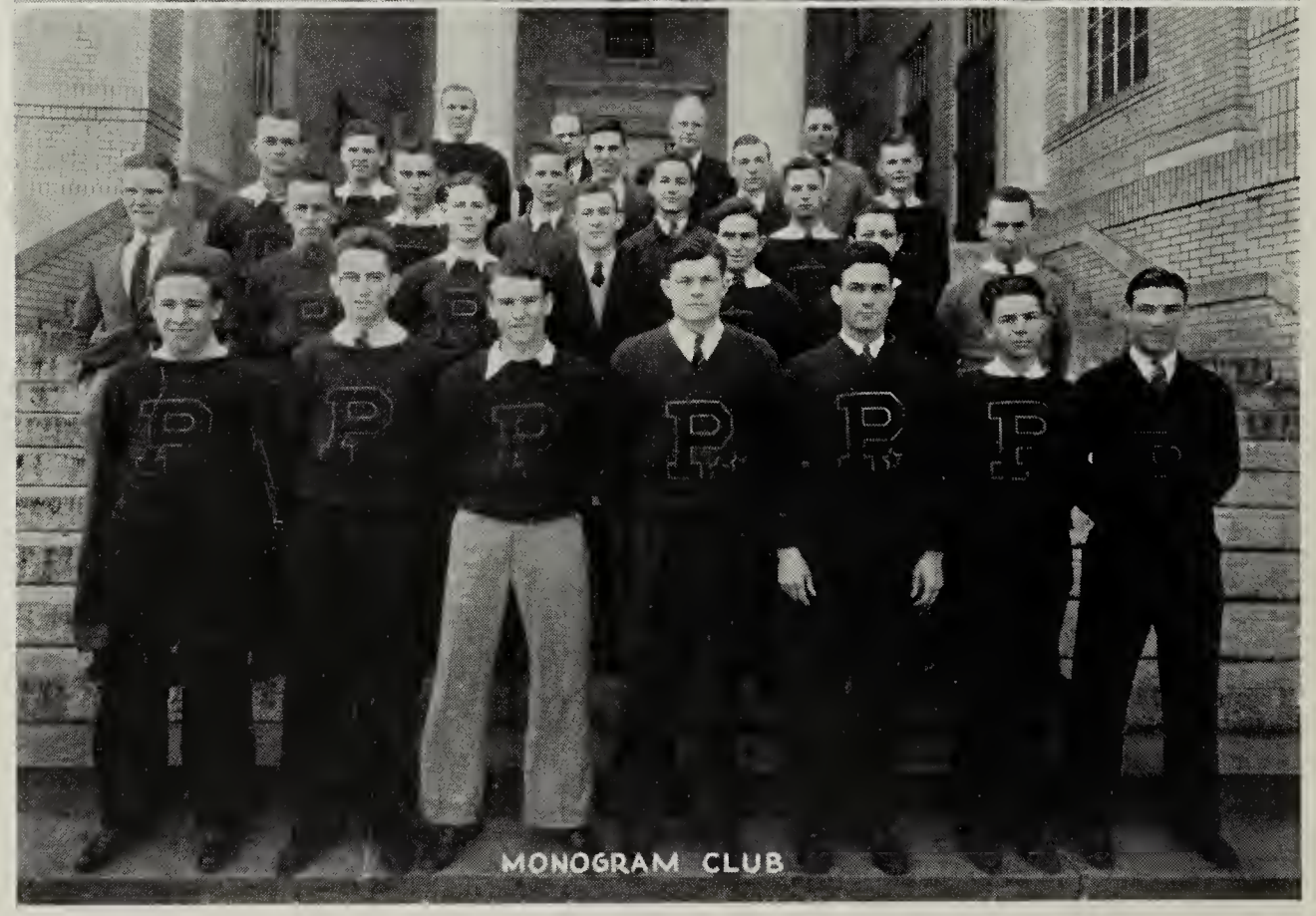
As the uniformed figure of Lieutenant Seton L. Bruce disappeared down the hatchway, a lone seaman on watch on the chariot bridge noticed a round dark object riding the swells; he leaned far out over the guard rail, fished for it with a boathook, reached it and slowly drew it in. It was an officer's cap stained with sea water. He wrung it dry and turned it over in his hands to better examine his prize. The rays of the new rising moon fell on the gold insignia, Kapitanleutnant Hugo, U-68 Deusche Unterseeboots Flottille.

The S-15 plowed northward. Only the steady drone of her motors and the whirr of her blowers sucking air could be heard. She had resumed her position of night patrol.


SQUARE CIRCLE CLUB

O. G. CLUB

STUDENT COUNCIL AND AUXILIARY COUNCIL



MONOGRAM CLUB

Florida

By Mary Mahone

FLORIDA! What does that name make you think of? Does it bring pictures of moonlight, palm trees, and blue waters before your eyes? Do you think of oranges and dog races? If so, you are lucky. When anyone mentions Florida to me, I shudder inwardly.

We looked to Florida with great joy because there would be no snow, nor ice, nor heavy wraps, nor winter underwear. My father's company sent him there to build tracks through some of the wilder parts of the country.

We took rooms in the only hotel in a little village miles from nowhere. We were to stay there until the company had finished building our house. Hotel is a rather misleading name for what was, in reality, a third rate boarding house. Before that time I had never come in contact with nature in the raw. They rang a large hand bell from the dining-room door to summon us to meals, and we dined to the weird accompaniment of music made by soup slurpers.

Every so often my father would say, optimistically, "Wait until we get in our own house." We waited. The house was of pine, painted grey inside and out, and the resin seeped from the knot holes and ran down the walls. There was no running water, only a pump in the yard. That house was built on company property, a mile out of town. It was not surrounded by palm trees. In fact, to be frank, it was not surrounded by any trees. There was only sand and more sand.

A great deal has been written about the mosquitoes in tropical and semi-tropical countries. Of our mosquitoes I will only say that everything written is colossal understatement. One of our favorite sports was to rise at dawn, arm ourselves with fly swatters, and stalk from window to window massacring the mosquitoes which were too full to get through the screens. The mosquitoes, however, were only a minor annoyance.

The plague that looms largest in my memory is the sand fleas. These were ordinary fleas except for the fact that they were a little larger than usual. In fact they generally carried two or three dogs around on their backs. They were most vicious creatures; you couldn't stick a leg out of doors without getting bitten. The natives never seemed to be bothered by

them, so my mother asked one old fellow why he never had any trouble with fleas. He looked disgusted and drawled, "Trouble with you northers is you wash too darned much."

Poems have been written to the lonely whip-poor-will, but if you have ever had to listen to one night after night it begins to make you jittery. Add to this the deep bellowing of the alligators in the near-by, in fact far too near-by, swamps.

Perhaps this doesn't seem exactly rational, but what can you expect of a person who still has nightmares of alligators singing in the palm trees and sand fleas bellowing in the near-by swamps?

Spring Songs

By Robert T. Wilkerson

A March Wind

Whining softly as you pass;
Whistling through the trees and grass
  Of balmy spring you seem to sing.
When all at once you give a twirl,
Around the houses whip and whirl
  To make the flowers dance and swing.

Again once more you softly blow,
Driving clouds on as you go.
  The budding trees you gently sway,
But then with lust and sudden gust
You blow up great huge clouds of dust.
  Oh, wind, what makes you do this way?

Spring

The resurrection day has come to earth
  To roll away the stones that seal the life
Of flowers that might again in second birth
  Arise to beautify the world of strife.
E'en as the Christ Himself came forth alive,
Somehow their tender shoots again revive.

The Test

By Garland Harvill

IT WAS the middle of August, and the sun beat down on the city unmercifully. Children were playing on the sidewalks while mothers looked down from their none-too-shady porches. A policeman lazily sauntered past slowly swinging his night stick.

Suddenly, there was a scream, a screech of automobile brakes, a dull thud, then silence for a minute. People began to rush to the scene from out of nowhere. A big automobile sat sideways in the street, and under it lay a little kid. His eyes were closed, his face distorted with pain as he lost consciousness.

The man inside the car jumped out of it as soon as it had stopped. He had a small black leather bag in his hand. He looked at the little boy for awhile, then snapped an order to his chauffeur to carry him into one of the homes.

Inside the house, in a dim room with one light glaring down at the injuried boy lying on a table in the center of the room, a group of people with anxious faces gazed on with silence. Over the table the man worked silently, his face never changing, speaking only to give orders to the lady who was helping him. The small clock on the wall ticked with a loud, almost unbearable noise. Outside the house a great number of people had gathered anxiously to await the outcome of the operation. The policeman had stopped walking back and forth swinging his club, and, instead, was standing on the front porch nervously smoking a cigarette and wiping the sweat off his face. The children had stopped playing on the sidewalk and stood in a group by the side of the house whispering to one another.

After a while a small, thin man climbed the stairs to the porch and looked at the crowd. He raised his arms to the sky and gave a prayer for the little boy's life.

Inside the house the doctor labored on for a life that was hanging on a thread that perhaps would break any minute. Great beads of sweat popped out on his forehead. His collar was open, his tie was thrown on the floor, his coat and vest lay on a table where he had hurriedly thrown them. He worked with skilled fingers in deathly silence except for the orders that he whispered to the helping lady.

Slowly the clock on the wall ticked away the time. Minutes were converted into hours to the group of people who were waiting inside and out. Some woman had begun to cry softly and the doctor looked up and quietly told one of the men to take her out.

As the doctor worked on he did not notice how dark it had gotten outside. Great clouds had gathered and far away the soft rumble of thunder was heard. The people outside looked up and hurried away to their homes. Only the policeman and the minister who had prayed remained on the porch. Soon it began to rain, not hard at first, but, as time passed, it increased until it became almost a cloudburst.

The doctor looked up and saw the rain. He shrugged his shoulders and set to work again. As time passed he gradually grew a little excited. He worked more quickly and his orders were short and quick. Suddenly he jerked up, spoke to one of the men and slowly picked up the child and carried him to a bed. The man to whom he spoke quietly herded all the people into a different room.

In the corner, where the little boy lay on a bed, the doctor slowly washed his hands in a small basin that the lady who had helped him had brought. When he had finished he walked to the bed and silently stood by it. Then he suddenly knelt down deside the bed and put his hand on the child's forehead.

The reason for this movement was that the little boy's eyes suddenly moved.

As he knelt there the boy's eyes slowly opened and gazed wildly about the room. As his eyes opened, a smile came to the doctor's lips. The boy smiled too and slowly said, "Hello, daddy."

PAGE SOCIETY

DANIEL SOCIETY

MILLER SOCIETY

Musings

By Martha Williamson

Arbutus

The stars are gay arbutus flow'rs
'Neath feathery clouds concealed,
As the flow'rs hid under fallen leaves
By the wind may be revealed.

The stars seek not the brighter skies
Of cheerful sunny days,
But like arbutus find their joy
In lighting darkened ways.

Contrast

Inside the smoke-filled dance hall a fever heat
Of distorted, discordant sounds crashes upon
our ears:
The harsh rasping wail of the muted trumpet,
The low, wistful sigh of the crying violin meets
The moaning of the baritone saxaphone while
A clarinet's saccharine sweetness defies
The tintinnabulation of a battered
Upright piano. How consoling it is
To know that just a step
Brings us into the heavy silence of night.

Metaphors

A Rainbow

By Charlotte Kail

A rainbow is a long, bright scarf
  That hangs up in the sky.
It's just been washed in little raindrops
  And hung up there to dry.

The Moon

By Sinclaire Wommack

The moon is like a yellow balloon
That soars up in the sky,
And as if punctured by a cloud
Comes down when day is nigh.

My Pet Annoyance

By Edward Spiers

TO BEGIN with, (an ingeniously appropriate phrase) I am a peculiar fellow. If something annoys me, shouldn't it also be peculiar? This last interrogative sentence . . . I mean it to be the last, thus proving my fidelity to my intentions . . . should indicate without the slightest doubt that I have no idea what I am writing.

Now that you do not know what you are reading and I have no idea what I am writing, I feel we know each other well enough to continue.

My annoyance, . . . I have a shade of personal conceit accompanying the pronoun modifying annoyance. Why shouldn't I? It is of distinctive character, as even I myself. I am vain and proud to think that I have an annoyance which could not possibly bother a sane person . . . or, any other sane person. It is different. (If I am compelled to impress you again with the fact that it is of an individualistic character, I shall indeed be astounded at your deficiency of comprehensibility.) It does not happen in all of a jiffy, like a door slamming. It crawls on me as it palls on me.

What is "it"? "It" sounds like a thing, doesn't it? It is really an action. He does it every time I see him. He does it every time he comes to see me, and I hate "it". I hate him. Please do not think me ungrateful, for all that I am I owe to him, even my present station in life. He professes to be my friend, yet still he does "it". Ah, false professor! Most of them are, don't you think? Excuse my presumptuousness.

The subject is straying from me; I must recapture it. As I recapture it, he is still doing "it". Doing what? He's . . . he's combing his hair! He does it on the slightest provocation, he does it on any provocation; then again, he does it on no provocation.

Deftly, oh so deftly, he extracts from his pocket his bosom friend. (Possibly a misplaced friendship.) Taking his hairgear, (if hat is headgear, a comb should be hairgear) he places it at the vertex of forehead and hair, easing gently, with caution and determination, the dandruff reaper over the harvest of newly yellowed curls. As his right hand reaches the nape of his neck, he relaxes the grim tension of his wrist, permitting his hand

to fall as lightly and as inexpressibly as Paderewski playing "The Bells of Moscow," or, a good deal more descriptive, playing the Prelude in C-Sharp Minor by Rachmaninoff.

His left hand fingers the gleaners, followed dexteriously yet exactingly hard behind the many-toothed reaper. Need I describe further? . . . Don't be rude, I will if I want to.

His stance and attitude are as one, representing instantly (though I hate adulation) a product denoting Nth degree of skill, perfect timing, and maybe no-draft ventilation.

This complete process, it is true, requires only a few seconds, yet it repeats itself so often it seems a continuous event, never varying. That is possibly because of my one track mind.

I feel that I cannot stand the sight again, so greatly does it render me talkless, speechless, actionless, brainless, even to nothingness.

It is killing me slowly. One more experience of the hair-bowed-down would be as my own embalming, that is, making death a certainty, or as a canoe at the brink of a cataract, one second more and all is over.

I am quite confident that I have fully caught your deepest sympathy. . . . I have a feeling the sympathy lies with the essay, not the annoyance; however, if you are congenial in anyway toward my problem of the hair-comber and have a pair of sharp ideas we may cut out this nuisance.

1. BEST ATHLETES
Pearl Duell Alfred Moss

2. BEST ALL AROUND
Joe Whelan Virginia Halloway

4. BEST DRESSED
Ralph Alperin Theodora Pringos

3. BIGGEST FLIRTS
Doris Eubank Edward Spears

5. MOST POPULAR
Virginia Hunter Richard Boisseau

7. BEST LOOKING
Gordon Walker Chastine Johnson

6. MOST STUDIOUS
Robert Wilkerson Daisy May Park

DRAMATIC CLUB

English Walnuts

By Louis Farber

THE TOWER could have been built by the Romans but most likely was built by some followers of William the Conquerer. It stood there alone, its forty feet of grey moldy stone, a gigantic sentinel on the low moor. For the past hundred years no one had lived there, and only an occasional traveler in search of history had entered the tower. That is until the constable of Hamlet was murdered.

The fog had not let up as Clive Mollison had known even before he crawled to the small opening that served as a window in the tower and gazed out into the inky thickness of a black English fog. He cursed aloud, spat into the murky air, and crawled back to the corner where his overcoat, candle and one match lay and where he had slept last night. There he bundled the coat around him cursing English fogs and English winds and wondering whether it was midnight or noon.

"I've got to carry on soon, fog or no fog . . . no food except this chewing gum . . . just by luck to run into a fog," he mused. "Overcoat is kind of damp . . . good thing I managed to get up here on top . . . must be plenty wet downstairs. Rats too, I guess. Only one—. What's that?"

Suddenly he reached into his overcoat pocket and pulled out a gun, for through the inky blackness came a low rolling dull sound that increased in volume every second and seemed to come up to the very room he was in.

"God, what is that? . . . Th . . . there it goes again. . ." He cringed down into the corner, beads of cold sweat running down his face as the dull roar stopped by his door. He shook himself trying to disbelieve when with a low dull rumbling it came closer and closer. His heart was beating furiously . . . his hands were clenched . . . his legs were weak and his eyes wide and staring. Nothing but pitch darkness and the sound rolling, drumming into his head. He grabbed his gun and pointed it toward the sound and waited.

"I've got five shots . . . whatever it is. God it's terrible. Last night everything was too quiet. Now this. Stop it! Stop it!" He fired wildly twice into the blackness toward the door, sobbing, "Take that . . . you . . ." He stopped. Again the rumb-

ling . . . the incessant dull rolling sound came closer and closer. "God. I must have missed. My candle . . . my candle here . . . the match. Jesus, if it goes out I'll be in the dark with . . . with that th . . . thing." Carefully he struck the match; its bright flame, appearing twice as bright in the dark room, cast ominous shadows upon the floor by his feet. Carefully he brought the match near the candle, when again came the dull roar. It seemed to leap right at him. He jerked back; the match flared brightly and died out.

Gone, gone out; now I'm in for it." He picked up his gun and fired . . . once . . . twice, crawling across the floor toward the sound. Silence. He listened intently for groans or some sign of a wounded thing. Nothing, only the sound of his heart beating out his ribs. Then again it came. He heard it unbelievingly, doubted for a moment and as it sounded louder and closer he laughed a queer weird foggy laugh . . . and fired his fifth and last shot. Silence mysterious and prolonged.

* * * * *

"Queer isn't it, Smythe?" said a tall, lanky gentleman standing above a body on a cold grey stone floor, "that he should kill himself. He had three days' start on us . . . he could 'ave been in Ireland or Wales by now. That dead constable must have haunted him during the fog last week. He's been dead since then, according to Dr. Blake, here."

"Yes indeed," nodded a grey-haired man.

"—and he could have escaped. I can't figure him out. Curious, I'll say."

"Speaking of curious things, Stanley old chap," said the fellow addressed as Smythe, "look at that squirrel dropping those walnuts down the steps to save time. Peculiar echo too . . . starts off kind of low—then starts to roar, seems to come up this way, if you ask me. Queer echo but that doesn't tell me why our friend committed suicide."

"No, one could hardly expect to find any solution in English walnuts, Smythe, old chap."

Dance Partner

By Catherine Minetree

OF ALL the ravings that girls make over any and every thing, one disgusts me more than the rest. To hear some girl, with a rapt look in her starry eyes, clasping her hands, and sighing profoundly, say, "Oh, I just love to dance with so-and-so; he's so divinely tall that when he holds me in his arms to dance, I feel like a feather just floating through space."

Sister, that's where you and I are different. When I dance with a tall boy, I feel like anything but a feather.

First of all, my nose gets in my way. Pressed tightly up against his shoulder it gets squashed, and furthermore all the powder is wiped off on his coat, a circumstance which he doesn't at all appreciate. There are three solutions to this problem of the nose.

First: I can turn my face up and rest my chin on his shoulder, if I can reach that far. By standing on tip-toes I finally manage to do this, but after a few seconds I notice an extremely annoying pain in the back of my neck. It's no wonder, for my head is tipped so far back that I feel and look as I'm doing a backbend.

I decide to try another position, namely . . . putting my head on his shoulder but turning my face away from his. I soon begin to feel that this must look mighty queer to people behind the boy, for they can't see anything of me but my nose peeping around his arm. Besides, my hair gets in his mouth, and though I just washed my machine-waved locks, I can understand how he feels about chewing on anybody's hair, clean or otherwise.

Wearily, I turn my head, and placing my cheek against his tie, I find, to my amazement, that I am almost comfortable. After a little while, I dreamily close my eyes, and am beginning to feel almost like the above-mentioned feather, when an excited buzz arising from the chaperon's row causes me to open one eye. They are all looking at me, and I just imagine that they are berating that awful girl over there with her head on a boy's shoulder and at a high school dance, too.

I jerk my head up, hitting the unfortunate boy in the chin and leaving him and me both with a headache for the rest of the night.

Resigned, and again placing my chin on his shoulder, I tip my head back and suffer in silence. It would have to be a fast piece the orchestra is going to town with, and jigging up and down also jigs my head up and down and almost rubs a blister on my chin. The most gosh-awful crick develops in the back of my neck and I feel that if someone doesn't break soon, I'll do something desperate, like screaming, or having hysterics, or somethin', when (oh, heavenly thought!) someone gently taps the shoulder of my long suffering partner and he surrenders (?) me to the angel—pardon me, I mean the young man —who has just broken. Heaving a sigh, I enjoy myself until the next tall one comes along.

I am open to any suggestions on this problem, having thought and thought and found no solution.

One thing I am certain of . . . the next girl who raves to me about any divinely tall dancing partner is going to be surprised by a violent, Aw Nuts!

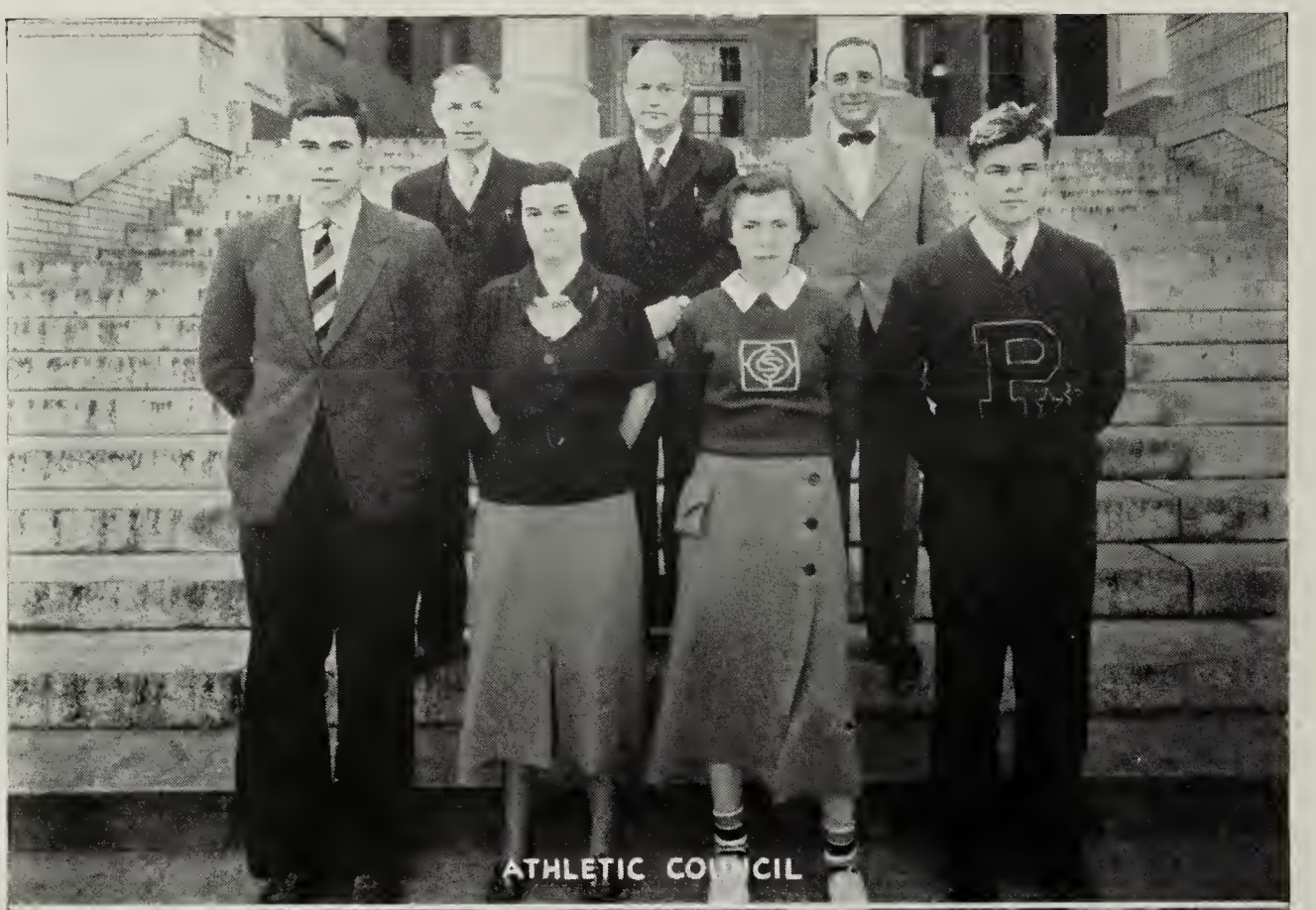
Class Song

By Robert T. Wilkerson

(*Tune: "America The Beautiful"*)

Good-bye, dear school, we're leaving now
To take our place in life.
We'll serve the world as best we can
In peacefulness or strife.
The future near will hold no fear;
We'll meet it face to face.
For now we know that we're prepared
Its problems to erase.

We'll ne'er forget the happy days
That we spent in our youth
When first we learned to gain respect
For knowledge and for truth,
And we will often think of thee,
No matter where we go,
And with the time these tender thoughts
Will ever fonder grow.



ATHLETIC COUNCIL

CHEER LEADERS

Two Poems

By Mary Mahone

Riveting

There sounds the tap, the staccato rap,
The bark of a riveting machine;
Another tower rises from the lap
Of earth that should be green.

It seems to flay the ears all day,
That endless sound destroying peace
Of souls who miss the country far away,
And sadly seek release.

Did He intend that we should spend
Our days in a noisy city's crush,
And long for peace to give a chance to mend
Our souls fatigued by rush?

There must be earth enough for all
Of those who seek a bit of ground,
Some sweet escape from buildings far
too tall
And from the endless sound.

Spring

Spring's a tiny, toddling tot
With cheeks of rosy hue,
Has bobbing, glistening golden curls
And eyes of deepest blue.

Spring in gay, fresh rompers green
Staggers across the land,
The happiest child I've ever seen,
With flowers in each hand.

He sniffs at blooms the live long day,
Loves every flower that grows,
And toddles gaily on his way
With pollen on his nose.

The Return of Spring

By Sam Wills

Early one morning at break of day,
A beautiful song I heard,
Softly waking me where I lay.
The pretty notes of a bird,
Caroling loudly with all his might,
Told me spring had come last night.

Gladly I heard his happy song.
His tune was very gay,
Showing to me he couldn't be wrong,
Predicting April and May.
Caroling loudly with all his might,
He told me spring had come last night.

Revenge

By Julia Myers

BUTCH SIMMONS had come to Portersville a week ago to settle an old score with Jack Evers, the reason why he had spent the last ten years in prison. Getting even with Evers was the only thing that mattered to Butch anymore, and he didn't care if he got the chair for it.

Ten years ago he had entered prison a man; two weeks ago he had left it, a living skeleton. Walls, walls day in and day out; the never-changing routine; the lousy food; the hard beds; the stuffy cells . . . a hell on earth, a hell he was sent to by Jack Evers.

Well, every dog has his day, and Butch's had finally come. But when Butch had come to Portersville, Evers was out of town. So he waited; a week had passed and Evers hadn't come back. But Butch knew he would return because no one knew yet that Butch was out on parole.

Portersville was a small town, and it had been easy for Butch to find out all he wanted to know about Evers. It seemed that the latter had become quite prosperous; he was married and had a little daughter whom he seemed to love a great deal. Butch might have saved time and hurt the girl, but it wasn't the "kid" he was after. Besides, he had always had a tender spot in his heart for little girls. Maybe it was because he remembered how sweet his own had been before that fatal day when she had stepped in front of a moving car.

Another week passed, and Jack Evers was due back in town Tuesday. All day Monday Butch perfected his plan to make sure there were no loop-holes . . . and then came Tuesday! As Butch walked towards Evers' home clutching that cold steel in his pocket, his thoughts ran back to his prison days. In a few minutes they would all be avenged . . . revenge is sweet!

"Huh, nice neighborhood. Much too nice for that damned skunk. Well, he won't be able to enjoy it much longer," and his low chuckle was interrupted by the screech of brakes and women's screams. Directly before him a child . . . a little girl . . . was standing in the path of a speeding car! with a flashing thought of his own dead daughter, Butch hurled himself forward and pushed the child to safety.

But Butch hadn't been alert enough. A crowd quickly assembled, as crowds always do, and the trembling driver of the car could only stare at the crushed man on the ground. A man in the crowd bent over Butch and, placing his ear to the latter's heart, whispered, "Dead!"

"How awful! But who was the little girl whom he saved?"

"Oh, that was Jack Evers' daughter!"

Wind In The Trees

By Myrtle Skelton

I like to hear the whispering wind
Go mourning, sighing from tree to tree.
The air seems to teem with secrets unseen
As they gossip busily as can be.
Somehow their bowing and nodding reminds
one
Of snobbish spinsters sipping tea.

At The Movies

By Elsie Steger

TO BANISH your good feeling towards the world at large and people in general, I suggest, as an almost unfailing solution, the movie theatre. My suggestion has in its favor three things: it is quick, cheap and very painful. Who minds a nice two hours of continued annoyance and irritation, or a quarter lost, when such a bitterly triumphant end is attained? The following episode proves the pain of the experience:

I recall 'twas an evening in December, and as there was a four-star picture at my favorite movie house, I decided to squander a quarter and see the current phenomenon. Also, my interest and curiosity were aroused concerning the star in the picture. Being an American, I was skeptical of the ability of this foreigner, who had been heralded with such flattering and complimentary reviews.

Although it was Friday, the thirteenth, with all its attendant mishaps, I was still in a benevolent frame of mind.

Procuring my ticket and selecting a seat in the center of the theatre I proceeded to make myself comfortable with much wiggling and squirming, and then settled down to pleasure and enjoyment, or so I intended.

Scarcely had I gotten interested in the picture when two women charged into the row and attempted to push by me. I successfully repulsed then, due to the fact that my knees were serving as a barricade.

Surrendering, I arose to my feet reluctantly to allow them to pass. Not receiving my gesture with its deserved appreciation the "partner in crime" ground her heel into my defenseless little toe. With no apology, she fought on to her desired goal, which turned out to be the seat next to mine.

Resettling myself I focused my attention once again on the silver screen.

The first offender opened fire with an ammunition of gossip, the accumulation of years, so it seemed to me.

My attention diverted by a different noise, I sneaked a glance to see what new distractions they were preparing. My suspicions were soon confirmed by a loud smacking noise, which turned out to be the mastication of a "kiss." This bit of confection was most inappropiately named as the clatter which they

produced would never suggest the tenderness of the action from which its name is derived, be it ever so sweet.

Trying to ignore these ear-splitting noises, I attempted to pick up the thread of the mystery where it had so violently been broken, but all in vain. As I was deciding on the murderer in the picture, "The Original Scandal-Monger" declared to her friend, "The Champion Toe Crusher," in unsubdued tones, "See that funny looking little fellow with the caterpillar mustache? He's the one that done the murder."

The discussion which followed revealed the rest of the plot as a friend had been kind enough to tell her the story to save her from the danger of taxing her brain.

Patience and good humor gone, I hurriedly left the theatre before I followed the example of the murderer in the tragedy and choked both offenders with my bare hands. I felt certain that any judge would have unhesitatingly pardoned me had I committed this act.

Laughter

Ultimatum

By Edward Spiers

So every day that passes by,
Makes life just that much dearer;
So every hour that passes by,
Makes heaven just that much nearer;
But then perhaps when time to die,
I'll sing in a different key,
For then if my life has been awry,
'Twill be one hot joke on me.

Out of Season

By Stribling Jones

As I regarded his carefree corpse
My heart was smitten with painful pangs;
For a noble squirrel came squirming down
At each of these loud, resounding "bangs."
But soon I shrank behind an oak tree stout,
'Cause the warden approached and . . .
shh! the season was out!

BASEBALL TEAM

GIRLS HOCKEY TEAM

GIRLS BASKETBALL TEAM

Finis

WITH this issue the "Missile" has completed another successful year. This issue, again as in previous years is devoted entirely to seniors who themselves largely make this issue possible financially. Short stories, essays, poetry and art work are all senior work done especially for this issue. Besides the pictures of the graduating students you will find group pictures of every club and society in the school and the very interesting Aces of the Class also. The faculty, not to be outdone, have their picture as well.

This year the "Missile" won second class ribbon at the Columbia Scholastic Press Association contest, which is not a bad record at all considering the competition. The editors appreciate the splendid work and cooperation of the English classes and their teachers plus the able guidance of Mr. Miller, faculty adviser.

As for next year important plans are in the air. It has been suggested that the "Missile" be changed from a quarterly to a semi-annual. That is, instead of having issues appear in November, February, March and June, the magazine will appear only twice a year, say in December and May. The reason for doing this, we are told, is to produce a better publication with each issue improving upon the other. As it is now, the November and March issues are far below the standard of the January and May issues simply because the editors have little material to use, due to the fact that new terms have just started and English classes have not yet commenced turning out material. A semi-annual will overcome that difficulty since more time will be given the editors before it goes to press. This semi-annual plan also

will give the editors time to start new departments, such as book reviews. The magazine itself would be much "thicker" than the present issue thereby providing skeptical and "I have a feeling I'm being gypped" students with their money's worth.

It is interesting to note that practically all the high schools that compete against us in the literary class at Columbia—some of them the richest high schools in the country which could well afford weeklies—publish semi-annuals. They're after quality not quantity.

After struggling hard to produce good November and March issues on time and having found out that material is short and time is short and finally coming out late with a magazine that really is not nearly so good as the February or June issues, the editors feel that if this plan is adopted there is everything to gain and nothing to lose, and that the type of publication that will result will be unbeatable.

Once again the staff thanks the student body for its splendid support and requests only that next year again you rally behind and support the "Missile" as you did in this one.

Athletics: 1935-1936

One could hardly say the year 1935-36 athletic year did not improve over last year. Throughout the year excellent sportsmanship coupled with brilliant playing produced teams that any school would be proud of.

The football team, with the man that the whole team had been built around in previous years, Eric Tipton, lost by graduation, undertook to build anew and in true Crimson Wave fashion produced an excellent team. Losing but one game on its regular schedule of ten the Wave piled up a total of 191 points to its opponents' 34. There was one tie game also. Again this year Baldwin (N.Y.) High School came down to Cameron Field for a post-season game, and with a brilliant lateral and forward passing attack that dazzled the Wave piled up 14 points in a thrill-packed first half. Fighting in a brilliant fashion the

Wave came back in the second half to score once and threaten several times, the final gun finding them deep in Baldwin territory. None who saw the game can say that any better has ever been played here.

The only dark spot on our sports calendar for the past year is basketball. Whether it is lack of material for building teams or lack of interest we do not know, but we feel that it is both. Basketball is a rising sport. When it reaches the top Petersburg High School must be with it. With bad breaks and players lost because of troubles with studies, the basketeers managed to win only four games out of thirteen. A trip to Baldwin was lost ue to the unsuccessful season, Coach Day feeling we could not give sufficient competition to the New York high schools.

Girls' basketball and hockey teams improved greatly over last year and give promise of splendid things in the future. Whereas last year the girls won no games whatsoever in either hockey or basketball, although they tied some hockey games, this year they won several as can be seen by the scores below. Truly a successful season for the girls and Coach Wells.

The golf team this year is of the usual calibre, giving some of the state high schools plenty of fight.

Tennis again has returned to the high school, and under the able guidance of Coach Reade a "green" team will do rather well, we feel.

Baseball again carries our hopes for a state championship team. Undefeated to the time this issue goes to press, the Wave eagerly awaits its opponents so that its victory string will extend and they will come closer to that coveted championship.

Congratulations are due every boy and girl who were a unit in the great Wave sport machines for their increasing efforts to better the team and their excellent sportsmanship throughout the season.

To Coach Day we extend our sincerest thanks for remaining with us after receiving such an offer as he got from Randolph-Macon and only hope that he will never regret his choice.

So with major setbacks in only one sport and improvement in nearly every other, we feel that it all can be summed up in one word . . . . "Successful."

Below are the scores of the different games of the year:

FOOTBALL:—PHS 41, Franklin 0; PHS 19, Wilson (Portsmouth) 0; PHS 38, Hampton 0; PHS 41, Hopewell 6; PHS 0, Jefferson (Richmond) 0; PHS 0, Maury (Norfolk) 14; PHS 13, Newport News 0; PHS 6, Roanoke 0; PHS 13, Central (Washington) 0; PHS 13, John Marshall (Richmond) 0; PHS 7 Baldwin (N. Y.) 14.

BASKETBALL:—PHS 22, Alumni 24; PHS 20, Ashland 21; PHS 15, John Marshall 36; PHS 25, Alexandria 29; PHS 19, Thomas Jefferson 22; PHS 17, St. Christopher 19; PHS 43, Ashland 18; PHS 21, Alexandria 33; PHS 25, Hopewell 26; PHS 28, Woodrow Wilson 9; PHS 28, Woodrow Wilson 24; PHS 31, Hopewell 21; PHS 27, John Marshall 42.

BASEBALL:—PHS 10, Lawrenceville 4; PHS 4, Alumni 3; PHS 8, Courtland 7; PHS 15, Thomas Jefferson 3; PHS 3, John Marshall 2; PHS 6, Alexandria 2; PHS 5, University of Richmond Freshmen 4; PHS 4, Hopewell 0; PHS 7, John Marshall 4; PHS 7, Alexandria 2.

GIRLS' HOCKEY:—PHS 3, Thomas Jefferson 0; PHS 0, Collegiate 5; PHS 0, Collegiate 3; PHS 4, Farmville 1; PHS 1, St. Catherine 7; PHS 1, John Marshall 0; PHS 3, Farmville College High School 2; PHS 0, St. Catherine A 1; PHS 1, Thos. Jefferson 0; PHS 0, Farmville C. H. S. 0; PHS 1, John Marshall 0.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL:—PHS 15, Hopewell 18; PHS 6, St. Catherine 26; PHS 23, Collegiate 32; PHS 31, Collegiate 18; PHS 16, Hopewell 16; PHS 13, Thomas Jefferson 23; PHS 63, St. Joseph 10; PHS 15, John Marshall 19; PHS 34, St. Joseph 4; PHS 29, Crewe 19.

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